

# Christmas at the Top of the World

Tim Coffey

ANN ARBOR DISTRICT LIBRARY  
aadl.org





**L**ittle Reindeer has heard of an amazing place where the stars are close enough to touch. Now Papa is going there on a journey, and he won't be back until Christmas Day. It's hard for Little Reindeer to wait.

So on a quiet night, when the wind from the north feels different, Little Reindeer sets out on a journey of his own. And one by one, every creature of the North Woods joins him as he travels to the top of the world to find Papa—and the magic of Christmas Eve.

Tim Coffey's luminous paintings and tender story create a wondrous celebration of the season.

**Albert Whitman & Company**

6340 Oakton Street

Morton Grove, IL 60053-2723

[www.albertwhitman.com](http://www.albertwhitman.com)

Jacket art copyright © 2003 by Tim Coffey

Printed in China



31621013662644

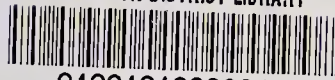


Ann Arbor  
District Library

[aadl.org](http://aadl.org)



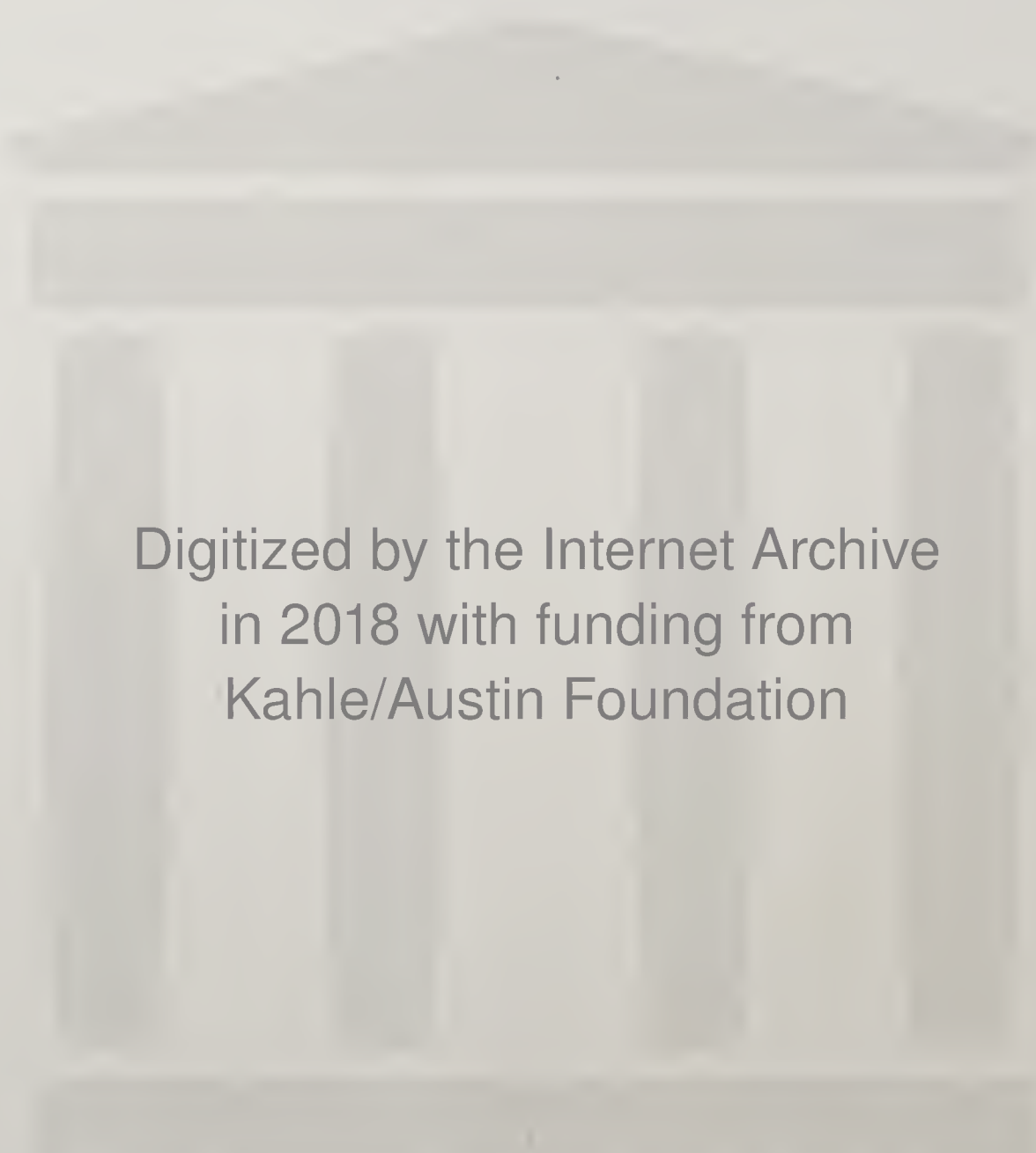
ANN ARBOR DISTRICT LIBRARY



MC

31621013662644

WITHDRAWN



Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2018 with funding from  
Kahle/Austin Foundation

[https://archive.org/details/christmasattopof0000coff\\_a9c7](https://archive.org/details/christmasattopof0000coff_a9c7)



# Christmas at the Top of the World



WRITTEN & ILLUSTRATED BY

**Tim Coffey**

ALBERT WHITMAN & COMPANY, MORTON GROVE, ILLINOIS

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

Coffey, Tim.

Christmas at the top of the world / written and illustrated by Tim Coffey.

p. cm.

Summary: On Christmas Eve, a young reindeer travels through the woods leading a procession of animals to the top of the earth, where a special old man awaits.

ISBN 0-8075-5762-5 (hardcover)

[1. Reindeer—Fiction. 2. Animals—Fiction. 3. Santa Claus—Fiction. 4. Christmas—Fiction] I. Title.  
PZ7.C6585Ch 2003 [E]—dc21 2003001151

Text and illustrations copyright © 2003 by Tim Coffey.

Published in 2003 by Albert Whitman & Company,  
6340 Oakton Street, Morton Grove, Illinois 60053-2723.

Published simultaneously in Canada by  
Fitzhenry & Whiteside, Markham, Ontario.

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form  
or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording,  
or by any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher.

Printed in China.

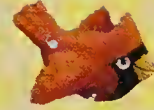
10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2

The paintings were rendered in acrylic on watercolor paper textured with gesso.

The design is by Carol Gildar.

For more information about Albert Whitman & Company,  
visit our web site at [www.albertwhitman.com](http://www.albertwhitman.com).





*In memory of Dan*









Little Reindeer loved winter. That was because Papa would tell him his favorite story at sleep time.

“When I was your age, I discovered a place where the ground rises up to the sky and you are high enough to touch the stars,” Papa said. “A magical place, at the top of the world.”

*Where could this be?*  
Little Reindeer wondered. He would wonder every night until he fell asleep.



One frosty night, Papa told Mama and Little Reindeer he was going on a journey.

"I'm leaving tomorrow," he said gently, "but I'll be back on Christmas."

Little Reindeer's ears perked up. "I want to go, too!" he said.

"One day you'll go," said Papa. "Just wait."











In the morning, Little Reindeer and Mama kissed Papa goodbye and watched him disappear deep into the woods. Little Reindeer had lots of questions.

"Where did Papa go?" he asked Mama. "How long until he's back? How long until Christmas?"

"He's up north, at the top of the world," Mama replied. "And when the north wind feels warm and smells sweet, it'll be Christmas Eve. You'll know," she added. "All the animals will know."











**I**t was hard to wait for Papa. At night, while Mama slept, Little Reindeer stared at the sky. He remembered Papa's story about a magical place. *A place where you are high enough to touch the stars.* Days and days passed, and then—one night felt different.





**T**he air smelled warm and sweet. It was the wind from the north. "The top of the world," he whispered. That was where Papa was, right now.

It was Christmas Eve. Little Reindeer couldn't wait anymore. He was going to find Papa!





The other animals saw him go.

















**L**ittle Reindeer walked for a long time.  
At last he turned to look back. Every creature of the North  
Woods was behind him. And Mama, too!





**H**e remembered what she'd said about Christmas Eve:  
*All the animals will know.* Now they were following Little Reindeer  
to the top of the world.





At the top of a hill, Little Reindeer stopped, and the other animals stopped, too.





**T**hey heard only silence, and then they saw the place  
where the earth touched the heavens.









There were green stars, red stars, blue stars, too—yellow and white twinkling stars—they were close enough to touch, just as Papa had said.

Little Reindeer made his way toward the biggest, brightest star.



In the center of the village, the star glittered and shone at the top of a beautiful tree. It was like no other star Little Reindeer had ever seen.

“But where is Papa?” he wondered.











**H**e could hear bells jingling up in the sky. Something was coming—he could hear it louder and closer. Something big! In a flash, it swooped down to the ground.

What was it? The other animals gathered around, and Little Reindeer nudged his way to the front of the crowd.







**A**n old man came  
over to Little Reindeer,  
knelt down, and patted  
his head softly.

"I know who you are,"  
the man said with a twinkle  
in his eye. "You must be  
here to see your papa."















And that's when Little Reindeer saw Papa by the sleigh. Papa was leading all the other reindeer!

"This is the magic place, isn't it?" whispered Little Reindeer. "I couldn't wait."

"You waited as long as you could," said Papa. "It's Christmas Eve."



**I**t was time for the kind old man, Papa, and the other reindeer to bring the peace and magic of this place to the rest of the world.

Little Reindeer stood with Mama and watched Papa soar above the village into the snowy night.











**T**hen he snuggled against Mama and fell asleep.  
It would be Christmas soon, and Little Reindeer was  
on top of the world.









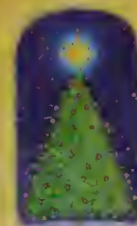




## Tim Coffey

makes his debut  
as an author with  
*Christmas at the*

*Top of the World*. His work as an  
illustrator includes two acclaimed  
picture books: *Red Berry Wool* and  
*Mabela the Clever*, an ABA Pick of  
the Lists. He received a BFA in  
Illustration from the University of  
Massachusetts at Dartmouth. He  
lives in Atkinson, New Hampshire,  
where occasionally he is lucky  
enough to glimpse deer outside the  
window of his studio.







ISBN 0-8075-5762-5



9780807557624

10/03/2016 14 58-2

22